



The Grey War



33 0 2

Chapter 1 by Phantim

Hot steam shot from his stallion's nostrils, the large black beast making a slight neigh as its hooded rider tugged back on the reins. The horse came to a slow trot and then stopped beneath a large tree. Its rider pulled back his hood, the pale moon illuminated his face. Those in the criminal underworld would have quickly recognized him as Madvar, commander of a small but deadly army for hire. He had hair that was red like fire, bright blue eyes, and a strong square chin. Madvar could almost be considered handsome, save the large V shaped scar the covered the left side of his face; a parting gift from the leader of a werewolf pack he had taken out years earlier. His enemies tonight luckily were not werewolves or it would have troubled him deeply that tonight was a full moon.

Two shadow like figures swooped down from the tree above, landing softly upon the tender undergrowth and quickly kneeling by the stallion.

"Report?" asked Madvar to the shadowy figures.

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